THE WEEKLY UNION TIMES.

Devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, Domestic Economy, Pol[illegible] and the Current News of the Day.

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THANKSGIVING.

For the hay and the corn and the wheat that is reaped,
For the labor well done, and the barns that are heaped,
For the sun and the dew and the sweet honeycomb,
For the rose and the song and the harvest brought home—
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the trade and the skill and the wealth in our land,
For the cunning and strength of the workingman's hand,
For the good that our artists and poets have taught,
For the friendship that hope and affection have brought—
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection are blest,
For the season of plenty and well-deserved rest,
For our country extending from sea unto sea,
The land that is known as the "Land of the Free"—
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

Harper's Weekly.

HOW WE GOT OUR TURKEY.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

HERE was no doubt that the country was prosperous. No reasonable man could deny it. The harvests had been plenteous, the earth had yielded up her fruits in abundance, and there were abundant reasons for thanksgiving. I read the President's Thanksgiving message and agreed with it heartily, as far as others were concerned; but somehow I couldn't see how it applied to me. Perhaps you will say I was selfish, and I am willing to confess I am. The fact is that when the cake is going around I want to get a piece. If I don't get it I feel disappointed. While I am glad in the abstract that others come in for a share of the cake, in the concrete I am mad becauses it passes me.

But, perhaps, after all, I am too sweeping in my conclusions. I don't know but that there is one person in the world who is capable of self-sacrifice of a high order, and that is my wife Nellie. Bless her little heart, I am almost willing to overlook all the weakness of humanity for her sake. Why, I've known her to go without bread and butter when she was faint with hunger so that the chil[illegible] That was three years ago at Thanksgiving time. The memory of her courage and self denial makes my eyes wet.

You see, Nellie was always practical and unselfish, while I was impracticable and poetic. Why, if I had her executive ability I'd have been a millionaire by this time, a cool millionaire, with a yacht and a country house on the Hudson. But she was handicapped by her sex and the children and couldn't exercise her natural gifts.

I must go on, however, and tell my story. The month preceding Thanksgiving Day of 1885, was the gloomiest time I ever witnessed. We had just arrived in the city from Shandaken, N. Y., in the Catskills. I was a farmer's boy and Nellie was a farmer's daughter. Before we were married a famous singer spent the summer in our village. One night at a strawberry festival he heard me sing, and was kind enough to say that I had an excellent tenor voice, and with proper culture I could command a good salary as a choir singer in New York. Of course such encouragement fired me with hope. The farm became distasteful to me, and I determined to cultivate my voice instead of cultivating corn.

We had an old-fashioned melodeon in the house, and with the help of a few lessons the famous singer gave me and what I could learn from hints in the opening pages of the choir books, I made life a burden for the rest of the family with my do, re, meing every evening. I made fair progress, too, under the circumstances and Nellie fell in love with me on account of my voice. I remember distinctly that her favorite was a little selection from one of Mendelssohn's songs without words set to the following lines:

Still, still with thee when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight
Comes the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

Well, we were married, and for a time my music was given up. But the life of a farmer fretted me, and I took up my music again, and after two years' hard work at it we moved to the city. I thought in my ignorance of metropolitan life that I should have no difficulty in procuring a situation, but I soon found out my mistake. In the first place I found that I was incompetent. I was deficient in style. My voice, while strong and resonant, had not been properly trained. Then, too, there was no vacancies. Even if I had been competent there were fifty applicants for every position. Before I had been in the city for two weeks I heartily wished myself back in Shandaken again.

In the meantime the little money I had saved and brought with me melted away like snow on the roof of a barn. My time was mainly taken up in running around to the musical agencies looking for a situation. I had a little job on Sundays singing at a mission on Avenue A, where I earned $2, and for three weeks that was all I earned. We lived in East New York and my car fare over to the city and back every day cost me sixteen cents.

You will readily see that we had to live frugally. In fact, for two weeks we lived upon oatmeal and molasses, and toward the last there was no molasses, and Thanksgiving coming over the hills. Every night when I got out at Manhattan avenue my three little girls were standing at the foot of the stairway waiting for me. I could see them from the top of the stairs, all in a row, their little cloaks flapping in the chill November wind, their lips blue and teeth rattling like castanets.

Wait a minute. It makes me feel faint to think of it, even after the lapse of three years. Well, it's all over now, I don't know why it affects me so strongly. There was something humorous, too, in the way the little tots jumped around to keep warm. As soon as they saw the train swing around the turn they ranged themselves in a row and looked upward so wistfully, oh, so wistfully, to see their papa. For you must know that although not one word of our desperate situation had been breathed in their hearing, yet their keen intuitions had told them something was wrong, and they knew as well as their mother that I was looking for work. How eagerly they looked in my face each evening, so that if there was a ray of hope in it the eldest could start on a run to tell her mother the good news!

Of course I cheered them with fairy tales of what a wonderful big turkey we would have on Thanksgiving. A gobbler of tremendous size, who had strutted when alive like a prince in the story books. Then followed a description of the cranberry sauce and the huge wedges of mince pie. All this took place while I was carrying two of the children in my arms and the other was hanging on to my coat at my side. I hope I shall be forgiven for those lies. For they were lies

of the blackest sort. I knew there wasn't one chance in a thousand that we would have a turkey on Thanksgiving Day. But I think under the circumstances that an angel of light would have departed from the truth to see those little faces light up with anticipation, to see the cheeks flush and the white teeth bare themselves as though cutting the tender meat from a turkey leg.

But the hardest sight for me to bear was the look Nellie gave me. Just one quick glance into my face and she knew all the sorrowful tale. It was not necessary to tell her how I had tramped the streets of the big city all day, how faint I had become from hunger; how I was raging at heart like a caged lion; how in my awful rage I cursed the rich and hated humanity. Not for myself, but for the hungry babies and their mother.

Never a word of complaint from Nellie. Only encouragement and hope.

Then came the oatmeal alone. For the molasses was all gone. I don't eat oatmeal now. The taste of it is insufferable to me. My palate rises in rebellion against it. I have heard of the man who ate thirty quail in thirty days. I wonder whether he ever tried oatmeal for thirty days.

On the morning before Thanksgiving I was fairly crazy with grief and anticipation. Nellie and I had a consultation the night before, and she suggested that I should write a piece of poetry about the Thanksgiving turkey.

The idea pleased me. It was a relief certainly from the brooding over the morrow. I got a book of poems from my little store, which had so far escaped the pawn-shop and hunted up a metre after which I copied, for of course I knew nothing about metre or poetical feet.

Meanwhile Nellie sat there mending the clothing of her babies and the tears fell thick and fast upon the garments. I couldn't stand it so I jumped up and went out into the street to walk off the effect those childish voices had upon me. When I came back, thank Heaven, they were asleep, folded in each others arms. Then I got to work on my poem. It took me one hour and a half to write the first verse. I became discouraged before I had written two lines and would have given up but for Nellie's encouragement.

"Now, what's the use, Nell; just listen to this stuff," said I, reading the stanza:

The turkey roosteth high to-night—
He's hid in the hemlock tree;
In fancy I see his plumage bright,
But he gobbles not for me.

"Why, I think it's real nice. I didn't know you could write so well as that. It's splendid; write another stanza."

"But don't you see, Nell, that it isn't true. The turkey don't gobble at night."

"Oh, well, that don't make any difference. The poets always have license, you know. Besides, how many persons will know that he doesn't gobble at night! Not one in a hundred."

"I'm afraid it's no good and that it won't go with the editor. Anyhow, I'll try a few lines more."

The little clock ticked monotonously on the mantel. The fire burned low, and Nellie put a shawl over her shoulders, for the room was growing cold. But the chill air did not affect me. I was giving birth to a poem. The second stanza came easier. What bothered me most was the rhyme. I think, to the best of my recollection, that the second instalment consumed a half hour of intense thought. I was better satisfied than with the first stanza, because I knew it was truer. Here it is, just as I read it to Nellie:

His comb is as red as ruddy wine,
His breast is a shining sheen:
But his carcass is safe from me and mine—
We can't pick his wishbone clean.

The muse was rather skittish at the third stanza. I coaxed her with a pipe of tobacco, the fumes of which made Nellie cough, and I persuaded her to go to bed. The clock struck 11. The wind rattled the window frame and I began to think that poets [illegible] I almost fell asleep over this stanza. While laboriously constructing it there came a picture to me of the old farm house in the Catskills, the table groaning with its weight of good things. It occurred to me just here that I was doing the groaning now. When finished, after many interlineations and corrections, it read as follows:

There was a time long, long ago,
When deprived of his feathery vest,
I seized his leg in my strong right hand,
And dissected his meaty breast.

By this time I had got into the spirit of my undertaking. The lines ran off the end of my pen as smoothly as water runs off a duck's back. With a confident smile I finished the last verse.

The next morning I had to fill up the hole in a ten-cent piece with soap and ashes in order to deceive the toll-taker at the elevated railroad station. All the way down town I read and reread the alleged poem, trying to perfect it. When I arrived in New York I hesitated before the big newspaper offices, afraid to go in. At last I managed to pluck up courage enough to go up stairs, where, contrary to my expectations, I was kindly received and was told that my poem would be read, and if it possessed sufficient merit it would be printed. 'Twas encouraging, to be sure, but what was I going to do in the meantime for the turkey?

The day was spent in the usual way, running around looking for a job and finding none. I managed, however, to earn fifty cents by carrying some coal. It hurt my pride to do it, but the faces of the children rose before me, and I would almost have committed murder just then.

With a heavy heart I started to walk over the bridge just after sunset. The wind blew cold from the northeast, and I buttoned my coat close to my chin. It was a starlit night. The great towers loomed up above me like entrances to some gigantic temple. The river rushed and swirled below, and reflected in silver gleams the light from the electric lamps. [illegible] the little waves tipped with foam. It was a fascinating sight and I felt strangely drawn toward the river. For a time I forgot the babies and Nellie. Behind me was the great, roaring city, with its thousands of men and women struggling for existence. I had been trampled under foot in the crush. Why should I return and renew the battle? As I brooded over the river, chilled to the marrow by the searching wind, the water seemed to beckon me. Its shifting currents whispered "Come;" its shadowy, gleaming rifts, its miniature malestroms seemed to my excited fancy to say: "Here's rest for you. We'll bear you away to dreamland, where hunger and pain and sorrow are drowned in the nepenthe of eternal rest."

In this state of partial unconsciousness I began to climb up the railing to reach the roadway below, when a policeman touched me on the shoulder and told me to "move on." I did move on, but in a dazed, uncertain way, until I reached the Brooklyn entrance. Here the crowd from the cars was pouring out in the street like a torrent, and in the crush I was hustled about and at last stumbled into the arms of a stout man muffled in an old army overcoat. He held me away from him by my arms. Then he shook me and said:

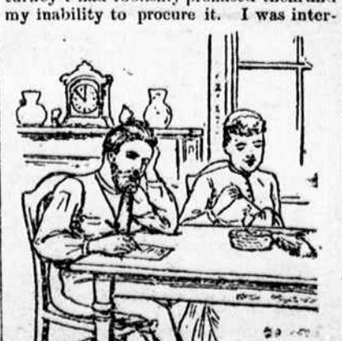
"What's the matter with you, Tom? Ye ain't drunk, be ye?"

There was something familiar in the voice, and looking up I saw the homely face of Sam Jones, of Shandaken, before me. Then came another shake, and this time I came to myself again.

"By George, Sam, I'm glad to see you," I stammered.

"Well, let's go an' get somethin' to warm you up. You're near froze, man."

Thawed and melted by a steaming cup of coffee, I told Sam all the sorrowful story. How the children would be waiting at the station for me expecting the turkey I had foolishly promised them and my inability to procure it. I was interrupted at intervals by exclamations from Sam such as:



"Well, I'll be blessed! You kin bet yer boots them kids is goin' to hav' their turkey! B'gosh! I allers did say that the city's no place fur a farmer!"

Under the cheerful influence of Sam's sympathy I soon regained my lost courage. He insisted that we should go to the nearest grocery, where he picked out the biggest turkey he could find. Then there were two quarts of cranberries, three big mince pies, a package of candy for the children, a bunch of crisp celery, and other things appropriate to Thanksgiving Day.

When Sam left me at the elevated station he pressed a $5 bill into my hand, despite my protests, with the remark:

"Now, you take it, old man. I got good prices fur my truck this season. 'Sides that I am only lending it to ye. Ye've got to pay me every cent back!"

With a parting hand shake he disappeared. As the train rattled along over the shining rails I could see the lights of the big bridge fading away behind me. The river rushed below just as it had done one brief hour before, but its turbid waters had no fascination for me now.

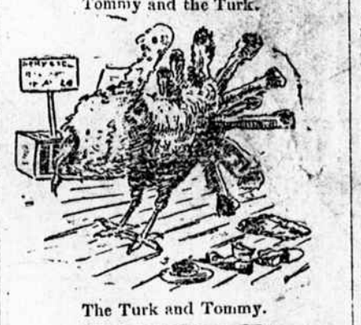
I wish every man and woman who reads this story could have seen the faces of those three children as they stood at the foot of the elevated station. My arms were filled with bundles, and when those three pairs of eyes gazed upon the glorious sight what an infantile shout went up! And how they danced with glee! The eldest insisted that she could carry the turkey, but she couldn't, it was too heavy. But each one had to carry a bundle. And so, like a conquering army returning with the spoils, we marched around to the house.

And Nellie! Well, bless me, if she didn't sit right down on a chair and cry like a baby. I can't remember distinctly, because, you see, it's three years ago now, but I have an indistinct recollection that a few salt drops ran down my cheeks. As for Sam Jones, I think he would have felt fully repaid for his kindness if he could have heard Buelah say her little prayer that night. That simple petition is carven so distinctly on the walls of my memory that I can repeat it word for word:

"Dod bless T'an'sgivin', en papa, en mamma, en Sam Jones. Dood night!"

The Turk's Thanksgiving.

Tommy and the Turk.



The Turk and Tommy.

The Boy's Opinion.

Oh, Valentine Day is well enough,
And Fourth of July is jolly,
And Christmas time is beautiful,
With its gifts and its wreaths of holly.

New Year's calling is rather nice,
And Hallowe'en sports are funny,
And a May-Day party isn't bad,
When the weather is warm and sunny.

Oh, all of them are well enough;
But the day that is best worth living,
Is when we all go to grandmamma's,
To a splendid, big Thanksgiving!

—Emma C. Dowd

The Little Fiend.

"You must feel some satisfaction in eating the turkey that chased you around the yard a week ago," said the minister.

"He was a very saucy bird when alive, wasn't he?"

"Yes," replied little Johnnie, "and ma said when you got through there would be nothing left but the cranberry sauce."

Thanksgiving Revery.

I never had a sweet gazelle
To glad me with its soft, black eye,
But I would love it passing well
Baked in a rich and crusty pie.
If I could have a bird to love
And nestle sweetly in my breast,
All other nestling birds above,
The turkey, stuffed, would be that bird.

—Ottawa Free Trader.

Hardly a Bargain.

"What a kind, thoughtful husband you are," said the young wife, as she put her arms around his neck when he brought home a turkey, "and what a [illegible] little bird it is."

"I should say it was dear," he growled. "I won it at a raffle."

Too Honest to Succeed.

"What kind of bread do you like best," asked a kind-hearted old lady, who was getting some nothing for the tramp's Thanksgiving.

"The bread of idleness [illegible]"

THE NEWS.

Mark Kiny, who kicked his wife to death at Hazleton, Pa., was sentenced to six years in state prison.——Henderson, Hull & Co., of Philadelphia, obtained a verdict of $28,500 against the Reading Railroad, for destruction by fire of their cloth factory, caused, as they alleged, by sparks from a passing locomotive.——A man named Engel shot and killed Sophia Hoth, a waiter girl in a hotel at Elgin, Ill., because she refused to marry him, and then committed suicide.——Ivan Pavin, the Russian literateur, renounced infidelity, and was received by baptism into the Baptist Church of Minneapolis.——A Kansas judge decided that a hotel bar is not a dram shop.——The Southern Lutheran Seminary will be located at Newberry, S. C.——The West Virginia Grand Encampment, I. O. O. F., met at Wheeling and elected officers.——The smoking car on an express train on the Pennsylvania Railroad was derailed at Pittsburg and took fire, several passengers being badly burned.——Governor Fleming, of Florida, has transmitted to Secretary Blaine the complaints of the Key West Board of Trade of the Spanish consul aiding and inciting the striking cigarmakers.——The first news in a year from the United States government surveying expedition in Alaska has been received at St. Louis by the father of John McGrath, one of the leaders of the expedition, who reports the party making good progress.

Willie Buckalew, aged twelve years, was killed by a Baltimore and Ohio Railroad locomotive at Keyser, W. Va.——Wm. J. Windsor's canning factory, near Salisbury, Md., was burned.——Dr. Wm. Wilson, chief law clerk of the House of Commons of Canada, was taken suddenly ill on the street in New York city, and died in a station-house.——The secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in Jersey City was arrested for distributing tracts and permitting the members to sing on the streets of Jersey City.——The Pyne Point Woolen Mills, in Camden, N. J., were burned. Loss: $13,000.——Twenty-eight horses and mules perished in the burning of Howe & Parker Ice Company's stables, at Nashville, Tenn.——T. C. Leake, Jr., prominent in various mining and land companies in the South, and president of the Alabama Land and Improvement Company, died at Richmond, Va.——"Black Bart" Holzhay was convicted of murder and stage robbery at Bessemer, Mich., and sentenced to hard labor for life.——Diphtheria is raging at Elkhart, Ind., one family alone losing four children in two days.——A quarrel, in regard to a lawsuit for one dollar and a-half, at Opliu, Utah, caused Charles Wayman to shoot and kill James Kelly.——William Murley, a prominent sporting man of San Antonio, Texas, was shot and killed in a saloon by James Ellis.——The Tradesmen's Bank, of Conshohocken, Pa., which was nearly wrecked by the defalcation of Cashier Creston, will be reopened for business.——George Humphrey, a brakeman on the New York, Susquehanna and Western Railroad, was crushed to death [illegible] The National Prison [illegible] Billy Mahone [illegible] Texas, [illegible] deserted by her husband, a Chicago drummer, at Newark, N. J., whither they had gone from New York to spend the honeymoon.——The coal miners' strike in Spring Valley, Ill., has settled.——The nominal capital stock of the new steel combine will be $12,000,000.——The Patriotic Order of Sons of America in Columbus, Ohio, has sued the Board of Education to prevent it from allowing a Catholic priest to occupy rooms in one of the school buildings.

The third biennial session of the United Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church South convened in Wilmington, N. C.——One hundred and fifty of the cadets at West Point United States Military Academy are ill from an affection of the bowels.——The next annual session of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held in Atlanta, Ga.——The governors of all the states have been invited to a meeting in Washington next month, to urge upon Congress the appropriation of a sum to secure the erection of a suitable monument in Philadelphia commemorative of the Declaration of Independence, and of the first one hundred years of the constitutional history of the United States.——The coal miners of the four pools in the Monongahela Valley will strike for an advance of one-half cent per bushel in the price of mining.——Three men were killed in a railroad wreck near Aberdeen, Miss.——The California raisin growers are expecting a boom, on account of the shortness of the Malaga crop.——John Henry, an old soldier, fell or jumped from a passenger train near Williamsport, Pa.——Samuel J. Lockard, aged sixty years, of Wheeling, W. Va., was struck by a railroad train and fatally hurt.——Reimund Holzhay, alias "Black Bart," on trial at Belleville, Ill., for the murder of a banker, has confessed his several train and stage coach robberies.——Ninety per cent. of the forge companies of the United States have formed a combination for mutual protection.——By an explosion of giant powder, six men belonging to a construction corps on the Northern Pacific Railroad, near Butte, Montana, were killed.——The Capital Hotel at Dallas, Texas, was burned. Loss: $60,000; insurance $30,000.——Miss Bertha Gates was thrown from a horse at St. Johnsbury, Va., and her foot catching in a stirrup, she was dragged through the streets and killed.——Chief Justice W. N. H. Smith, of the North Carolina Supreme Court died at Raleigh.——Thomas Murian, a passenger on the steamship British Princess, from Liverpool, was arrested in Philadelphia, charged with forgery in the registry department of the British postoffice at Castle Ballington, Ireland. The United States sloop-of-war Saratoga, at Philadelphia, was formally transferred from the service of the government to the control of the board of managers of the Pennsylvania Nautical School.——The late John Crerar, of Chicago, leaves handsome bequests to Presbyterian churches of that city, and over $2,000,000 for a public library.

Gen. Cassius M. Clay, the late Colonel Goodloe's great uncle, has a record with the knife which is noteworthy even for a Kentuckian. He had three personal encounters before the war, in which knives were used, and in each he succeeded in killing his opponent. A fourth vendetta cut almost to pieces, but the man was stitched up and recovered. A few years ago he killed a negro who had insulted him, again using the knife. Governor Warmoth, of Louisiana, saved his life in New Orleans a few years ago by vivisecting with a knife a man who attempted to assassinate him.

FARMERS OF AMERICA.

A National Congress in Session at Montgomery, Ala.

Delegates Present from Every State—Addresses of Welcome by City and State Officials—Agricultural Points.

The Farmers' National Congress assembled in the hall of the House of Representatives at Montgomery, Ala. The congress was well attended by delegates from every State and Territory. Addresses of welcome were delivered by Mayor Graham for the city, T. J. Carlisle for the State Agricultural Society and Commissioner Kolb on behalf of the State.

Responses were made by A. B. Smith, of Stafford, of Illinois, Commissioner Kolb, president of the congress, delivered his annual address. It was an elaborate paper, covering the purposes and spirit of the organization.

A committee of one from each delegation was appointed on resolutions. The congress then adjourned to attend the Southern exposition now being held here.

The evening session was largely attended and able addresses were made. The handling of the cotton crop was discussed by Hon. R. J. Sledge, of Texas, and Herbert Peet, of Alabama. They advocated radical changes in the present method of handling cotton, advising packing in solid bales and selling on the co-operative plan. Hon. La B. Norton, of Wisconsin, discussed agriculture, manufacture and commerce, also advocating the subsidizing of steamships plying between the United States and South American ports. Hon. L. S. Coffin, of Iowa, made an eloquent plea in behalf of railroad brakemen for the improved coupler.

An interchange of fraternal greetings with the National Grange, in session in Sacramento, Cal., was one of the features of the evening.

Second Day.

The second day's session of the Farmers' Congress was [illegible]

At the morning session, Judge Lawrence, of Ohio, president of the Wool-Growers' Association, from a majority of the committee on resolutions, reported a resolution on the attitude of the farmer with regard to protection, and demanding that, in case of a continuance of the protective policy, all farm products shall be as fully protected as any article of manufacture.

Mr. Wilhite, of Missouri, offered a minority report, pledging the farmers of the United States to a radical action of the tariff, and to a change of duties, from the necessaries to the luxuries of life, as far as possible.

Both reports were laid over, and will come up for action later.

Judge Lawrence offered resolutions to the effect that the government does not need the revenue raised by the tax on spirits, and that the question be relegated to the states; also, favoring the repeal of the tax on tobacco. Both resolutions were reported adversely by the committee.

Hon. L. S. Coffin, of Iowa, delivered an address on railroads and their relations to the farmer. The speaker was sharply criticised by a number of delegates as being too much in sympathy with railroads and corporations.

Judge Lawrence read a paper on wool-growing and mutton producing, pointing out the great benefit which would arise to the whole people from increased sheep raising, and urging protection for this interest. Judge Lawrence's address was followed by some adverse discussion.

At the afternoon session a paper was read by [illegible] Ancbcott, of Illinois, entitled "Possibilities of Agricultural in Alabama," by J. S. Newman, professor of agriculture in the Alabama Agriculture and Mechanical College.

Many speeches were delivered by delegates from the North and West, all advocating wool protection. There is a prospect of a regular tariff debate on the minority and majority report of the Committee on Resolutions.

Hon. James A. McKenzie, of Kentucky, will probably reply to Judge Lawrence. The voting is by congressional representation, and the delegations from Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan and Indiana are practically solid for Judge Lawrence's report.

Third Day.

The National Farmers' Congress before adjourning to-day adopted resolutions relating to the tariff adopted by Congress. They demanded that the duties on mutton, sheep and wool of all kinds shall be so increased as to equally prohibit the importation of mutton, sheep and wool of every kind which can, under protection, be sufficiently produced at fairly remunerative prices in the United States to supply all American wants, including the better class of carpet wools, especially since carpets as luxuries, are entitled to less favor than farm and ranch products.

Resolved, That the tariff on wool imported to make carpets should at least be as high as that imported to make coats.

"If protection to this extent be denied," continue the resolutions, "we will call upon the farmers of the United States to assert their power at the ballot-box, and otherwise right the wrong and injustice of discrimination against them."

R. F. Kolb, of Alabama was re-elected president, and a vice-president from each State was also chosen. B. F. Clayton, of Illinois, was elected secretary, and Mr. Lawrence of Ohio, treasurer. The next meeting will be held in Iowa and the secretary was authorized to determine between Sioux City and Des Moines.

WANTONLY MURDERED.

The McCoys Shoot Down an Aged Couple in Lincoln County, W. Va.

Two more victims have been sacrificed in the notorious Hatfield-McCoy war. They were shot down in wanton revenge by the McCoys.

While Mr. and Mrs. Paris Blumfield, an aged couple, were at supper some one knocked at the door. As they had never been connected with the feud in any way old Mr. Blumfield opened it without hesitation.

In an instant he was pierced with five bullets. His wife, who stood beside him, was fatally wounded, but lived long enough to tell the story of the murder to her neighbors. Both of the victims were over 70 years old.

The murder has stirred up the Hatfields and Blumfields, and a party started out to avenge the death of the white haired couple.

At a meeting of citizens of Lincoln county, held at Hamlin, the county-seat, a committee was appointed to wait upon the governor and appeal for troops.

WRECK ON THE RAIL.

Two Freight Trains Collide on the Virginia Midland—One Man Killed.

Two freight trains on the Virginia Midland Railroad collided near Rushy Branch, a small creek passed by the railroad just south of Clinton, Va. Fireman Murphy, of the south-bound train, was instantly killed, and several others were seriously injured. The collision occurred about 4.30 o'clock in the morning, and is said to have been due to a misunderstanding of orders. Train No. 24 left Alexander going south, and met train No. 21, a north-bound freight, in charge of Conductor Rollins, near Clifton, sending both engines and their trains over the embankment. There were eight cars full of cattle on the south bound train, and nine cars full of cattle on the north-bound train. All these were thrown over the embankment in hopeless confusion. Besides James Murphy, the fireman who was killed, there were several other injured.

CABLE SPARKS.

The Irridentists have carried the elections in Trieste.

The question of federation is being considered by the Australian colonies.

The report of the murder of Missionary Savage in New Guinea is declared to be untrue.

It is officially denied at Rome that the Bulgarian question will be submitted to the Pope's arbitration.

The news of the massacre of Dr. Peters and his party by natives near Korkora, East Africa, is confirmed.

An explosion occurred in a dynamite factory near Bilboa, Spain. Four persons were killed and many were injured.

The condition of the Grand Duke Nicholas, uncle of the Czar, is becoming worse. The cancerous formation in his ear is spreading.

Minister Robert Lincoln's son Abraham is poisoning, the result of an accidental cut on the finger.

Crete is returning to its normal peaceful state. Trade is active at Corea and other places, and Christian families are arriving by every steamer.

Ex King Milan will arrive at Belgrade next week to reach a definite settlement touching the position of ex Queen Natalie with the government and the regents.

The conservative committee of Birmingham discussed the attitude of the conservatives towards the liberal unionists and decided to insist upon larger representation.

Lord Brassey, in a letter to the master lightermen, of London, concurs in the advice of Cardinal Manning and the Lord Mayor that the masters surrender to the employes.

The Steamship Quenmore, from Baltimore for Liverpool, wrecked off the coast of Ireland after being on fire, has broken amid ships and an enormous quantity of wreckage has floated ashore.

Sir Charles Dilke has declined the urgent and unanimous request of the Fulham Liberal Association that he become a candidate for Parliament for that district at the next election on the ground that his heavy literary work takes up his whole time.

It is officially announced at Rome that dervish recently attacked Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia, and burned the city. Subsequently a force of Abyssinians attacked the dervishes and defeated them, killing three of the chiefs.

Sir Henry James, speaking in behalf of the London *Times* before the Parnell commission, quoted speeches by Parnell and others advocating boycotting, and contended that the speakers were responsible for the crimes in Ireland following the delivery of the speeches.

The St. Petersburg *Swet* says that China is arming her troops on the Russian frontier with repeating rifles, and that the soldiers are being drilled by German officers. The Khan of Khiwa intends to make a tour of Europe, beginning with Russia.

Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick, has issued a pastoral letter forbidding the clergy of the diocese to grant absolution to any person guilty of boycotting or pursuing the plan of campaign. The Bishop retains to himself alone the right to absolve such persons.

IN A BURNING CAR.

Horrible Accident to a Pennsylvania Express Train.

An accident to the Eastern express on the Pennsylvania road at Pittsburg, Pa., nearly resulted in a terrible holocaust.

As it was, a large number of persons were injured, one of them fatally and six others quite seriously. The accident happened in [illegible]

The express which left for New York at 7.15 P. M. was proceeding through the yards at the rate of about eight miles an hour. When near Seventeenth street the third car, or smoker, left the rails, and after being pulled a distance of about 100 feet turned completely over.

Almost simultaneously with the upsetting of the coach fire broke out at both ends and in the centre of the car. Between 40 and 50 second class passengers, including a number of women, were in the car, and the scene following was of the wildest kind.

Men trampled over women and fought their unfortunate brothers in their eagerness to escape cremation. The crash of breaking windows and the shrieks of those imprisoned in the burning car could be heard a long distance.

Fortunately, the trainmen and the crews from other trains were close at hand, and the flames were extinguished before they had gained much headway. The passengers who had not already escaped through the windows were then removed. It was found that while nearly everyone in the car had been cut or bruised, only one, Joseph Brucker, of Chicago, was fatally injured.

When the car was upset he was seated near the stove, and it was thrown on top of him. He was so tightly pinned down that it was some time before he could be extricated. Meanwhile he was being slowly burned to death, and when taken out finally one side was burned to a crisp.

The physicians say he will die. Six others were badly but not dangerously hurt.

The cause of the accident is not yet known, but it is thought the rails spread. All the passengers but Brucker and the six others were able to proceed on their journey a few hours later.

DISASTROUS FREIGHT WRECK.

One Man Killed, Two Injured, and the Money Loss Very Great.

One of the most disastrous freight wrecks in the history of the Northern Central Railway occurred at Middletown Ferry, Penn., between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. Two sections of fast freight, laden with perishable goods consigned to parties in New York State, were running at a rapid speed, when the machinery of the locomotive of the first section was broken. The engineer stopped to fix it and the flagman was sent back to warn the second section. The engineer of the second section, however, did not heed the warning. It is alleged he was asleep and ran by the flagman, dashing into the rear of the first section with an awful crash.

Captain Haines, conductor of the first section, saw the other train bearing down on him and jumped from the caboose, at the same time calling to Emil Lashey, the rear brakeman, to save himself. Lashey was too late and was caught in the crash and instantly killed. Haines escaped. Engineer Appello, of the rear train, was badly injured, and the fireman, whose name could not be learned, was slightly hurt.

Over thirty cars were crushed to pieces and the perishable freight on both of the trains will be lost. Four cars were burned and one locomotive wrecked.

The loss can not be estimated.

BLACK BART A HYPNOTIC.

He Claims He Committed His Crimes While Under a Spell.

Reimund Holzhay, "Black Bart," on trial at Bessemer, Mich., for the murder of Banker Fleishbhin, of Belleville, Ill., and the robbery of the Gogebic stage, took the stand in his own defense and made a confession.

Holzhay told the story of his life from the day of his birth in Germany to that of his arrest at Republic, Mich. He admitted that he robbed the Milwaukee and Northern train six months ago; that he held up the Wisconsin Central train at Cadott, Wis., a month later, and that he waylaid the Gogebic stage and shot Banker Fleischbein.

Holzhay claimed that he several years ago was hurt by a fall from a horse, and since that time had been subjected to "spells," during which he did not know what he was doing. He said he was under this "spell" when the various crimes were committed.